

UNDER THE BARBER CHAIR.

BY H. J. PHILBRICK.

Under the barber chair,
Towels and tumbled all in a heap,
Like the tangled coils of a spotted sheep,
Lay a streaked stack of human hair,
Under the barber chair.

How came it there?
Well, a famous cut was curly Jim,
And all the folk flocked to him;
The editor meek and the millionaire,
Flocked to his barber chair.

Not a moment to spare!
Day in, day out, from his scissors true
The hair and whiskers whisked and flew,
He kicked each tuft and it landed there
Under the barber chair.

So it came there,
From many a head and many a chin,
And many a cheek and eye and twin,
Came that mass of hair
Under the barber chair.

A variety rare!
Velvet locks as fine as plush
And whiskers like thickets of hazel-brush—
A spectrum of hues and colors there,
Under the barber chair.

'Tis beginning to wear
A look as if 'twere growing old;
For silver threads among the gold
Are woven thickly here and there
Under the barber chair.

Many a Samson's hair
And many a Nipper's crimson lock
And many a dandy's capstock
Lie bound in their own tangled snare,
Under the barber chair.

That moustache there
Held many a heart in its magic thrall.
Last night it "mashed" the belle of the ball—
To-day it kisses the preacher's hair
Under the barber chair.

That steel-gray hair
Cowed many a debtor old in sin
And awed him into raising the tin.
'Tis the ragged-dread of the lot, I swear,
Under the barber chair.

That forelock fair
Gave a solemn import to word and glance
And held the court room in a trance—
Ah! something it lacks of its awful air
Under the barber chair.

Heartick of care,
A mother weeps, in a far off cot
For her wayward child, because he is not;
What would she give for that lock of hair
Under the barber chair!

An affectionate pair—
But alas! at their home this moment is lying
A still-born babe and its mother is dying
And kissing a curl just like that hair
That falls from the barber chair.

But who shall dare
To tell the tale of lock and curl?
Or who but a wicked, prying cur!
Betray the secrets buried there
Under the barber chair!

Some wandering hair
Disguised—but then who cares! Enough,
Some fifty weight of the greasy stuff
Besmeared the floor and perfumes the air
Under the barber chair.

What fragrance there!
Bear's oil and Brown's Invigorator
Vanilla, rose, bergamot, Restorator [air]
And wintergreen, when I musk!—give us fresh
Good here to the barber chair.

LOVE ON THE HIGH SEAS.

"Now," said the captain, "we shan't see any more land for a week, and you young ladies 'll have nothing to do but let some of these young fellows fall in love with you."

"Fall in love," cried Hetty, her tip-toed nose curling with incredulity and disgust. "Who could fall in love at sea, I'd like to know?"

"Who could," asked the captain, in innocent surprise. "Why, everybody does. Why not?"

Hetty smiled in evident unbelief, but glanced furtively across the deck toward the handsome young officer where he leaned on the rail, blowing rings of smoke into the deep blue sky.

Mischiefous Deb and the quick-sighted captain detect both, and laugh unmercifully. Hetty blushes, and the first officer uncompromisingly turns his back and a deaf ear to the captain's guffaws.

It is evening on shipboard, dinner is over, the day's work is done, and all are assembled on deck.

The sun, which has hung all day like a copper gong upon a brass ceiling, is now mercifully disappearing. The mountains of Lower California shine in his fast-fading rays like "the golden hills of heaven," while one little hammock on an island, long and high and narrow, rises out of the sea like the grave-mound of some ocean god.

For once the water is smooth; nothing breaks its stillness but the steamer's trail, and the sea gulls now and then brushing its surface. Far, far away—far as the eye can reach—is nothing but the same expanse of deep blue waters, broken only by those yellow hills, now fast vanishing into distance and night.

Overhead, only another and wider expanse, still "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and behind a cloud the new moon just beginning to look forth upon the boisterous world below.

Prigsby, from London, explains to a gaping audience how the scenery now before them suffers from comparison with that of the Rhine. Sam Boland, of San Francisco, carelessly replies to an inquirer that he is going prospecting for gold in Guatemala, acknowledges it to be a "pretty risky business," admits the country to be full of road-agents and bushwhack 35, but "reckons he'll pull through." Meantime Hetty and Deb, seeing the captain had a story in reserve, settled themselves to hear it.

"Didn't I tell you how my first officer got married? No? Well, nobody could be a sicker'n his wife was when he courted her. I'll just tell you all about it, if you like."

"Well, you see, I haven't always been captain of a first-class steamer—no, sired! I ran away to sea when I was twelve years old, and I've worked my way from the bottom of the ladder. Well, when I was thirty, I was captain of a large sailing vessel that was in the South American trade."

"I sailed from the port of Callao, San

Francisco being my destination. My second officer was an Englishman, but my first was an American, only two or three years younger than I—as good-looking young fellow as ever I saw; tall, straight and handsome, with eyes like blue china. He was a right good fellow, too; brave and honest, but frisky as a kitten, and up to all sorts of larks."

"Well, we crept up the coast, stopping at every ninth door, as our orders obliged us to do, taking in all sorts of things, all booked for San Francisco. Finally we came to San Jose de Guatemala—that lies ninety miles inland—and there we have to, and waited for a chance to go ashore."

"Did you ever hear of the surf on that coast, ladies? No? Well, it often rolls fifteen or twenty feet high, and a good part of time no boat could live in it. Sorry we're not going to stop this trip or you might see it. You see, there's really no harbor—nothing but an open roadstead—and, except in the Bay of Fundy, this place shows the highest and lowest tide in the world. The people here tried to build a breakwater out beyond the surf, but it breaks over it half the time, and when it doesn't it knocks it to pieces. Sometimes vessels have to ride at anchor for a week before they can put a boat ashore."

"We'd only just hove to when I noticed that a ship at anchor, not far off, was making signals of distress, and that a boat was putting out in our direction. Of course, we were anchored far out beyond the surf, and it was comparatively easy for the boat to reach us; so it was soon alongside, and one of the men came up the ship's side and told me what was wanted."

"It appears that the ship was a coffee ship from San Francisco, and had come to St. Jose for a cargo. It was only half loaded when one of their boats capsized in the surf, drowning the captain and first officer. The second officer was very low with a fever, and they had nobody to navigate the vessel; so they'd had to wait in port until some other ship came along and could lend 'em an officer or somebody who understood navigation."

"Well, I called up my first officer, and put him aboard the coffee ship, and in a day or two we both sailed. We were going over the same ground—or sea rather—and as the two vessels were equally fast, we kept each other in sight most of the time. We'd been out ten days, and were in American waters again, when all of a sudden the ship hove to, and signaled us to stop. We ran as close to them as we could, and we hove to, and presently through the glass I saw a boat lowered and there was a woman in it."

"I was surprised, as you can imagine, for I did not know there was any passengers on the coffee ship, though there were half a dozen on my own. In a few minutes up the side came my first officer, more than half carrying the prettiest little Spanish girl I ever saw. Oh, ladies, she was a beauty! Eyes like the stars in the flag, and the sweetest little face—kisses just sticking out all over it! But wasn't she the sickest little mortal that ever set foot on deck? I tell you, she was all green and yellow, and looked half starved. I do not believe she'd kept down a quarter of a dinner for a month past."

"'Hallo, Jack!' said I; 'what's the matter?' And I gave the lady a seat on the lounge in my cabin. The poor little thing couldn't sit upright, so I just hoisted her teet up and made her comfortable among the pillows."

"'Captain,' said he, 'I want you to marry me to this young lady.' 'Marry you?' said I. 'What do you mean? She's too sick to be married, man. She can't stand up. If you and she want to be married, why don't you wait till you get ashore?'"

"You see, ladies, we talked out free before her, for she couldn't understand a word of English."

"'If we wait till then,' said he, 'you and I'll be going to her funeral instead of her wedding. We've got to be married, right away, and you have got to marry us.'"

"You see again, ladies, we were very great friends outside of the ship, and when we were alone together we drop 'all ceremony.'"

"'What in thunder are you in such a hurry for?' said I. 'Why can't you wait till you're ashore?' Where are the lady's friends?"

"'Her step-father's aboard my ship,' he said."

"'I thought so,' said I; 'I won't have anything to do with it.'"

"He just turned and winked me 'out of ball of his eye,' and then I remembered in a moment of misplaced confidence, I had told some little circumstances in regard to my own marriage."

"'Hem!' said he, grinning like a monkey, 'I think they're some times justifiable. Now, just look here, Cap; listen and I'll tell you all about it. That little girl has no relations, nothing but a step-father, and she's depending on him for support. Well, the old coot's a doctor, and crazy at that. He's taken into his addled old head to discover a sure cure for sea-sickness, and because just the name of a ship sets poor little Dolores to casting up accounts, he's been taking her on all sorts of long voyages, and trying his various decoctions on her. So I want to marry her to get her out of his way. Of course I'm in love with her and all that, said he, looking kind of foolish, but if that was all, I'd wait till we got ashore. Of course I can't make him let her alone unless she's my wife, and if he has control of her much longer she'll never see port again.'"

"Do you mean to say," said I, staring at him in surprise, "that he tries experi-

ments on her—gives her things that ain't medicine?"

"'Do do,' said he; 'and I mean to say that the last thing he gave her was a bottle of bedbug poison, and it most killed her.'"

"By the Flying Dutchman," said I, "I should think it would! Where's the old coot now?"

"'In irons. I told him I wouldn't have any such doings aboard my ship, and he slapped my face. So I put him in irons, and came off to you.'"

Well, ladies, I just went over to the sofa where the little girl was rolling her big black eyes at us and wondering what in thunder we were saying.

"How old are you, my dear," I asked in Spanish.

"You see, I'd been married mor'n two years, and I thought I'd a sorter right to be paternal."

"Eighteen, Senior Captain," said she, in the softest voice in the world.

"Said I: 'Do you love this young man and want to marry him? You needn't if you don't, because I'll see to it your step-father doesn't bother you any more.'"

"I didn't dare look around at Jack, for I knew he'd be looking blacker'n thunder at me just then. And indeed he took a step toward us; but I made him keep off till she would have answered for herself."

"Well, she blushed very prettily, and hesitated for a second, then answered very sweetly that if the senior captain didn't mind trouble, she would marry the senior first officer. That the senior first officer had been her only friend; that although she had taken many voyages and seen many people, she had never found any one who cared to interfere in her behalf; that she felt very grateful to the senior first officer, and had now become attached to him, and with the senior captain's permission would become his wife."

"As she said this, Jack got out of sight behind the door, put his thumb to his nose, and twirled his fingers at me in the most disrespectful manner. I had a great mind to put him in irons for mutiny—but no matter."

"Of course there was nothing to be done except marry them; she was over 18, and at sea the captain's as good as a parson, you know."

"So I called up the passengers and officers; and the ladies dressed up in their best finery, and we had a wedding in very short order. After that the ship's surgeon prescribed an antidote for the bed-bug poison."

"The second officer went over and took command of the coffee ship in Jack's place, and sent back Dolores's trunk and clothing. At first I thought we could not get along without him, for Jack was so deeply in love with his little sea sick girl I thought he'd be of no manner of use. But we had good weather most of the time, and Jack did his duty like a man."

But it was real touching to see him go to his wife's cabin every day and bring her on deck and fix her comfortably on a bed the steward made for her under an awning. And then he'd nurse her and care for her just as if he'd been a sister of charity. You might have seen then, Miss Hetty, how a sailor can love a woman!"

Well, she soon got better and stronger. Jack and the doctor fixed her up between them, and a healthier, livelier, happier little woman never set foot in San Francisco. Jack took her right to his married sister, and there she stayed between voyages till she had a lot of children, and her husband bought her a house of her own."

What about the coffee ship? Oh, that made port day a before us, and the old doctor had us all arrested the moment we touched land. So we were all hauled up in court, and Jack had it out with his step-father-in-law."

"I think the court was rather against us first; but the bed-bug poison and the slap in the face did the business and turned everything in our favor. He was afterward declared to be a lunatic and turned over to his brother's keeping."

"What's become of Jack? Why, he sailed with me for several years as first officer; now he's captain to the companion steamer to this. That good-looking young fellow that's been making eyes at you Miss Hetty, is his son and I dare say that he agrees with his father that sea-sickness makes precious little difference when a man's in love."

The moon is quite up now, flooding the sea with silver. Between us and the shining mirror interposes the head of young Jack, showing in fine, clear-cut silhouette. What wonder that Hetty should put severe strain upon her eyes that they shall not wander in that direction!"

"'Ye captain saunters away to do the aggravating to other passengers, while Deb strays down the deck to listen, at the closer quarters, to the tinkle of a guitar and to a soft voice humming a Spanish love song."

As she strolls back she finds a masculine form usurping her place, and peeping under Hetty's downcast lids are a pair of earnest sailor eyes, whose dawning love and hope no sea can fright or quell."

Praying for a Justice.

In 1860, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, Chief Justice Taney was very ill, so ill, in deed, that his life was scarcely hoped for. There was at that time some noble old Republicans in Congress—Seward, Chase, Ben Wade, Fessenden, Sumner, Thad. Stevens, and I don't remember how many more. The Republican administration would come in in March, 1861. If Taney should have died before that time Buchanan would have appointed a young Democrat, who

would probably last for forty years. If Taney should not die until after March then Lincoln would have the appointment, and he would have selected a Republican. So these old Republicans, for the first time in their lives, were solicitous about the health of the old Chief Justice. They asked daily about him, and had all the religious people pray that his life might be spared. Even Wade, Zach Chandler, and Thad Stevens prayed. Probably they did it, at any rate Taney got well and was alive on the 4th of March. He also was alive on the succeeding 4th of March, and still alive March 4, 1863. Then the old stalwarts began to get alarmed lest Taney, who was within a year or two of 90 years old, would outlive Mr. Lincoln's term. Ben Wade said that at a meeting of some of the old Republicans named above late in 1863 the subject of praying for Taney came up, when Chandler, slapping Wade's back, said: "Well, boys, I'm damned if I don't think we overdid it!" Chief Justice Taney lived until October, 1864, and died just in time to enable Mr. Lincoln to put Chase in his place and thus got him out of his way for the second term of the Presidency.

Food Adulteration.

The rapid spread of oleomargarine, which imitation of butter has been of late acquiring such a sale as to threaten the genuine butter with banishment from the market, suggests the wisdom and indeed the necessity of enacting laws for the protection of the public against food adulterations. This oleomargarine, which is made of all kinds of animal fats, and the processes of which make it possible to employ the filthiest material, is now manufactured to resemble real butter so closely, that it is difficult even for experts to detect the difference. This at least is what several reporters have alleged, but we confess that we do not believe the statement. All the oleomargarine we have seen could be distinguished from real butter by anyone who knows good butter. Reporters who derive their experience from boarding-house tables perhaps may not have been able to discriminate between the real and the false. It is said that oleomargarine when made from pure fats is wholesome. There is no reason why it should not be. The danger is, however, that it may not be manufactured from "pure fats," and that therefore it may not be wholesome. The chief wrong done to the public in connection with this imitation of course is the selling of it in the guise of real butter. This is a swindle, and those who perpetrate it ought to be punished as swindlers. That is the plain English of the situation, and merchants and dealers will do well to ponder it. The subject of food adulteration has of late years attracted much attention from lawmakers in Europe and science has been called in to the aid of the law in detecting sophistications. Twenty years ago the subject was forced upon the attention of the English public by *Lancet*, which showed that 65 per cent. of the drugs and food articles used by the public were adulterated. Legislation followed, but it has required many years to ascertain how best to meet the evil. At last this has been effected to a great extent. A decline in adulteration from 65 to 16 per cent. has in fact been secured, and this is a practical victory. It has been accomplished by the simple method of compelling the manufacturers of adulterations to sell them for what they really are. No one is prohibited from adulterating anything, but if those who adulterate fail to specify what they have done when they expose their goods for sale, the severest punishment is dealt out to them. It has consequently become unprofitable to adulterate, for though there is plenty of money in selling the public doctored goods, there is nothing to be gained by offering the public such wares on their actual merits. The number of people who will buy adulterated things knowing them to be adulterated, is too small to justify the maintenance of the business, in fact, and as the figures prove the majority of the swindlers have taken their talents elsewhere. The Canadians have adopted a similar law, and have thereby reduced their adulterations from 51 to 26 per cent. Of course there are some adulterations which because of their pernicious character ought to be positively prohibited, whether labeled or not. In the United States the question of adulteration has hitherto been a perplexing one because of the practical impossibility of dealing with it save from a national standpoint, and the doubts as to the jurisdiction of Congress over it. So important is it that if any real obstacle of this kind exists, it ought to be removed by a constitutional amendment, however. It is clear that State laws cannot reach the evil, save in the most imperfect way. For instance, the California Legislature might prohibit the manufacture of adulterations in the State, but it could not prevent their importation from other States without establishing an inquisition which would be enormously expensive, exceedingly offensive, and very inefficient. In order to deal with a question of this magnitude the whole country ought to unite. Few persons have any just conception of the amount of disease and mortality caused by adulterations annually, but the showing of the *Lancet*, that 65 per cent. of all the food and medicine used in modern communities is adulterated, proves to what an extent the vile business has been carried. In our large cities adulteration is doubtless practiced more extensively than in the country towns, and it is probably employed more in wines and liquors than in any

other business. Groceries indeed are liable to be sophisticated, and all kinds of dry goods. England, as is well known, has injured her Indian business in calicoes by her greediness in loading them with dyes. Our manufacturers have not yet taken to that method in cotton goods, but in other fabrics they are not behind their European rivals. In short the mischief of wrong done by adulteration is very great, and, as the oleomargarine incident shows, rapidly increasing, and it is time that Congress was appealed to for some better protection against these swindles than the existing laws at present afford.

MAKING THE NEWSPAPER.

The Phenomena of the Routine of Journalism.

Nimble fingers are moving by instinct about the compartments of the type-boxes, mechanically translating thought into metal. There is a hum of "reading" from a dozen different places; and every now and then, from some chamber apart, comes spasmodically the steady click of the telegraph. You are never secure from some fresh irruption of news that may compel a modification of the arrangements that must always be provisional. A revolution may have broken out in Japan, or death may have surprised some distinguished personage; and competitors are to be outstripped by commenting on the facts, and elaborating details, autobiographical or otherwise. Conceive the feelings of the respectable Herr Faust, could he have dropped in upon the quick-witted and facile scribes who have replaced Pegasus and his slow going compeers. There are laborious individuals still busy with the scissors and the paste when the eyes of their families and friends have been closed for hours in peaceful slumber. There are two gentlemen at least dashing off the leaders, pronouncing judicially and literally with the rapidity of thought on the debate that is drawing to a close in the House, or the event that may be the starting point of a new cycle of policy. It is an accomplishment that readers scarcely appreciate at its value—that of writing calmly, consecutively and reflectively under an excess of high pressure with the *arrière pensee* that you are hopelessly lost, should you hesitate or inspiration fail you. When the thread of your ideas is being perpetually interrupted by the presentation for quick but close revision of the earlier slips of your comprehensive article; and when you know that your brain-work will be scanned and criticised by the capable experts whose ideas you are controverting, then there are "the able editor" and his faithful aides, who must always have their wits about them, night after night and month after month. It is for them to direct and control the whole; to procure at least a credible semblance of consistency on the widest range of conceivable subjects, political, religious, financial and social. A decision to be dashed at on the spur of the moment, may commit them to a policy there is no reconsidering, and do irretrievable injury to their reputation for perspicuity; while the matter for a damaging action for libel may be lurking in the lines of the most insignificant paragraph. Happily the inexorable hour is approaching which dismisses them to an interval of comparative repose. Time and the early expresses will wait for no one, and the items of belated news must stand aside for later editions. Then the bustle is stilled as by enchantment; the troops of dishevelled workmen disperse; the jaded editor and staff go home to supper and bed; a practised hand or two and some half-dozen boys may be trusted with the completion of the mere mechanical operations. The endless web gliding through the grasp of the cylinders is turned into piles of copies of 16 Times or the Standard, and an hour or two later they are being scattered broadcast over the country, to be thrown aside the next day for their ephemeral successors.

The Use of Oaths.

In France, since the abolition of the Empire on the 4th of September, 1870, no oath or affirmation has been administered in any form to members of the Legislature of the Republic. Nor is there any formality which might be regarded as an equivalent. Under the Empire new members made a declaration to the following effect: "I swear fidelity to the Emperor and the Constitution." But the name of the Deity was not included.

The members of the German Parliament take no oath, nor do they make any affirmation whatsoever. The members of the Prussian and most other State Parliaments take an oath of loyalty beginning with the words "I swear by the God Omnipotent and Omniscient," and concluding with the words, "So may God help me." To this latter formula those who wish it may add, "Through Jesus Christ to eternal bliss, Amen." Any one refusing to take the oath or commenting upon it, would undoubtedly be excluded from the Prussian and other State Parliaments. In conformity, however, with the laws regulating the administration of oaths in civil and criminal courts, an exception would be made in the case of persons belonging to recognized theistic religious communities, who, like certain Mennonite and Jewish sects, regard the name of the Deity as too awful to be invoked in the transaction of secular business. In these cases a simple affirmation would be regarded as equivalent to an oath. The omission of any oath in the German Parliament is occasioned by the wish to avoid the delicate question as to the amount of loyalty due to the Emperor, in contradistinction to State sovereignty.

By the law passed on the 15th of May, 1868, Parliamentary oaths were abolished in Austria, and a simple affirmation was substituted. The first paragraph of the standing orders of the Austrian Reichsrath reads as follows: "New members, on entering either of the two Houses, have, on the President's challenge, in place of taking an oath, to promise loyalty and obedience to the Emperor, inviolable observance of the Constitution, as well as of all other laws, and conscientious fulfillment of their duties." Upon the President reading words to this effect, the new member simply replies, "I promise."

Arts. 37 and 38 of the Rules of the Spanish Congress say that Deputies, before they can take their seats, shall make the following oath, which is read aloud by Secretary of the Congress, all present standing: "Do you swear to observe and make others observe, the Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy? Do you swear fidelity and obedience to the legitimate King of Spain, Alfonso XII? Do you swear well and truly to behave in the mission confided to you by the nation, always and in everything seeking the welfare of the nation?" The Deputies, then, two at a time, approach the table of the President, and, kneeling on his right hand, he remaining sitting, they place their hands on the Gospel lying open before them, and say, "Yes, I do swear;" and the President then answers, "If you do so, may God reward you, and, if not, may he call you to account." This formula was re-established in 1876 in the Constitution voted by the First Cortes under the Restoration. It is copied from the Constitution in force during the reign of Queen Isabella. At the time of the Spanish Revolution, from 1868 to 1874, no oaths were required in the Cortes and when the First Cortes of the Restoration met, in February, 1876, Senor Castelar protested against the oath, and at first refused to take it, but finally submitted. In the second Cortes of the Restoration, in 1876, the Democratic and Radical minority of fifteen Deputies, under Castelar and Martor, again protested against the oath of allegiance, and took it after publicly stating their mental reservations but no instance exists on the records of the House that a Deputy declined to take the oath on the ground of atheistic convictions. For such cases no rule has ever existed in the Spanish Cortes.

The President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, seeing a new Deputy in his place, says: "I invite the honorable gentleman to take the oath in the form following: 'I swear to be faithful to the King, and to observe loyally the fundamental statute and the other laws of the State, with a single view to the inseparable welfare of the King and the country.'" The new Deputy then, in his place, stretches out his right hand and pronounces the one word, "Giuro" ("I swear.")

Why do Fish Return to Rivers?

The long-held and only recently rejected theory, that the shoals of fishes moved in a vast mass along the coast, sending off detachments into each river as they passed its mouth, is to be attributed to John Gilpin and some other authors, who have written flowingly on the subject. Recent careful investigations of naturalists indicate that the anadromous fishes, those entering the rivers and bodies of fresh water from the sea, do not have an extended range in the ocean, and that each river's colony remains, after returning, in the deep water opposite their river.

The motive for the movement of these shoals of anadromous fishes, or rather how it is incited, has scarcely been explained. The life of the fishes has always been a mystery. It is not a search for food, as they do not eat while they are in fresh water; the opening of hundreds of stomachs will fail to find food dreasant. It is an easy disposal of the question as to how each colony recognizes its native river, to say that it is instinctive; so it is also, when the butcher's horse recognizes the familiar gates; but we have some evidence as to what sense he uses. The fishes, probably prompted by functional disturbances, from the tumid ovaries and spermaries, are incited to movement. The courses of the sea, unmarked as they are, are, within each colony's limit, their habitual pathways. An unerring capacity in the fish for finding its own river, may be more than that which guides the hermit crab to the shell of the natica. The latter goes to hide its sensitive body, with an apparent nervous trepidation at its unprotected condition. The former, with an uneasiness of body from the functional changes it is undergoing, is impelled to activity. The transmitted habit of ascending the stream, is, as it were, blended and alloyed with the substance of its nerves, and roused by its conditions, carries it, without conscious purpose, into the river of its progenitors and its own. The impulses of the fish are only in a slightly more complicated series than the crab. That it should be the instinct for a specific stream, established through inheritance by many generations, is easier to understand than that it is a sort of memory of the place of its immature life, and as observation seems to sustain. In the waters of the Delaware, where there were no salmon originally, the young salmon placed in Bushkill creek returned after five years, and were taken, not only in the Delaware river, but in the larger number near the Bushkill creek. It is not essential that all the fishes should have this compelling influence, whatever it may be, as like gregarious mammals and birds they flock together following the leadership of whichever for the time takes it. The idea is suggested that the senses may be the guid-

ing agent, that a fish goes nosing along the coast, or tasting the streams, until it recognizes its own. The convexity of the corners must afford the fishes a very limited range of vision. The supposed dullness of the sense of smell and of taste in fishes might alone dispose of the suggestion that these are employed. The following occurrence, however, would seem to decide to the contrary. The Russian river, emptying into the Pacific, north of San Francisco, had its mouth entirely closed by the waves during a storm. The colony of salmon made their yearly migration from the deep waters toward the mouth of the river, and many raced through the surf, and landed high and dry on the sand that waited them out of their native river.

The migration of the salmon into some of the Pacific rivers is a frenzied advance over shoals, rapids, and cascades, far into their streams and brooks, where they arrive battered and weary, to accomplish their exhaustive reproductive labors, and drop back, the sport of the current, dead and dying, toward the sea.

British Land Reform.

According to reliable accounts published in leading influential London Liberal journals, the Land Reform agitation and other causes have so demoralized the landed interests of Great Britain that the rents of agricultural properties have fallen off fully thirty-three per cent. The effect of such a decline has been to create a sort of panic among the landed aristocracy, so that all the weaker members have been obliged to economize by abandoning their fine houses and going into lodgings in London or the cheaper cities of the European continent. The authority we refer to appears to labor under the delusion that even if these estates should be sold under an encumbered estates law, as was formerly done in Ireland, the aristocratic rank conferred by such baronial holdings would procure ready purchasers for them. But it is this true as regards the parks, manor-houses and castles, it is difficult to see how the purchasers of the adjoining villages would care to own them and have perpetual trouble with the tenants, without any chance of adequate profit. The fact is, that the Land Reform crusade of the British Radical party has made such headway in England as to threaten with complete destruction the organized feudalism of that country. This crusade although begun for party purposes, appears to be quite as destructive to the landed investments of the Whig aristocracy as to those of the Tories. The contest in England has been carried on in a lawful and orderly manner, but the object in view is precisely similar to that of the Irish agitation.

Extraordinary Incident.

A curious incident, which the *Pro-curseur*, of Antwerp, states to have positively occurred at the Zoological Gardens in that town, is thus described in one of its recent impressions: It was the hour for feeding the serpents, and two of them, born a couple of years ago in the gardens, commenced simultaneously devouring the same rabbit, one beginning operations at its head, the other at its tail. The natural result was that in the course of time they both reached the middle of the rabbit, and a dispute arose as to which should swallow the remaining morsel. The larger serpent of the two made the greatest headway, but his colleague held fast to the carcass, and in the heat of the battle, his *vis-a-vis*, making a desperate effort to bolt the rest of the rabbit, drew in with it the head of the smaller serpent. The body gradually followed the head into its living tomb, and soon there remained but about two decimeters of tail visible. At this critical juncture the keeper perceived what was passing, and a couple of them entered the cage to rescue the victim from its unpleasant position. After considerable difficulty, they succeeded in obtaining a firm grasp on the bit of tail, and with a long pull and a strong pull brought back the serpent in safety, none the worse for the adventure. The swallower, however, was rather indisposed for the next few hours, says the journal which relates this most extraordinary story, but both serpents are now in the condition again.

MISSOURI AND KANSAS FRUIT.

On the 14th of December there was held at Wyandotte, Kansas, a joint meeting of the Kansas and Missouri State Horticultural Societies. The *Kansas Farmer* says:

The fruits exhibited by the associated societies were really beautiful. Words would fail to give you readers an adequate idea of the superior collection of apples on the long tables, placed there for competition and exhibition, for clearness and coloring of skin, for beauty of shape and mammoth size. For texture and quality, we have never, in either hemisphere, seen a collection of apples, of the same extent, to surpass this collection.

Reports on the condition of fruit crops and tree growths, were presented orally by delegates from the different counties. All the counties east of the Riley county line gave favorable reports as regarded peaches, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and grapes. The apple crop was simply immense. Noxious insects not so injurious as in former years. Wood growth by extension not equal to former years.

Pickled Oysters.—One quart of vinegar, one ounce of salt, one-half ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of mace, would all these together; when cold, put in the oysters; next day scald together.